

A
Funeral Oration
UPON THE ~~12~~ 9.
D E A T H
O F

The most HIGH, most MIGHTY, most EXCELLENT,
And most RELIGIOUS PRINCE,

JAMES the SECOND,
Late KING of Great-Britain.

S P O K E N

The 19th Day of September, 1702. in the Church of St.
Mary de Chaillot, where his Majesty's Heart is Deposited.

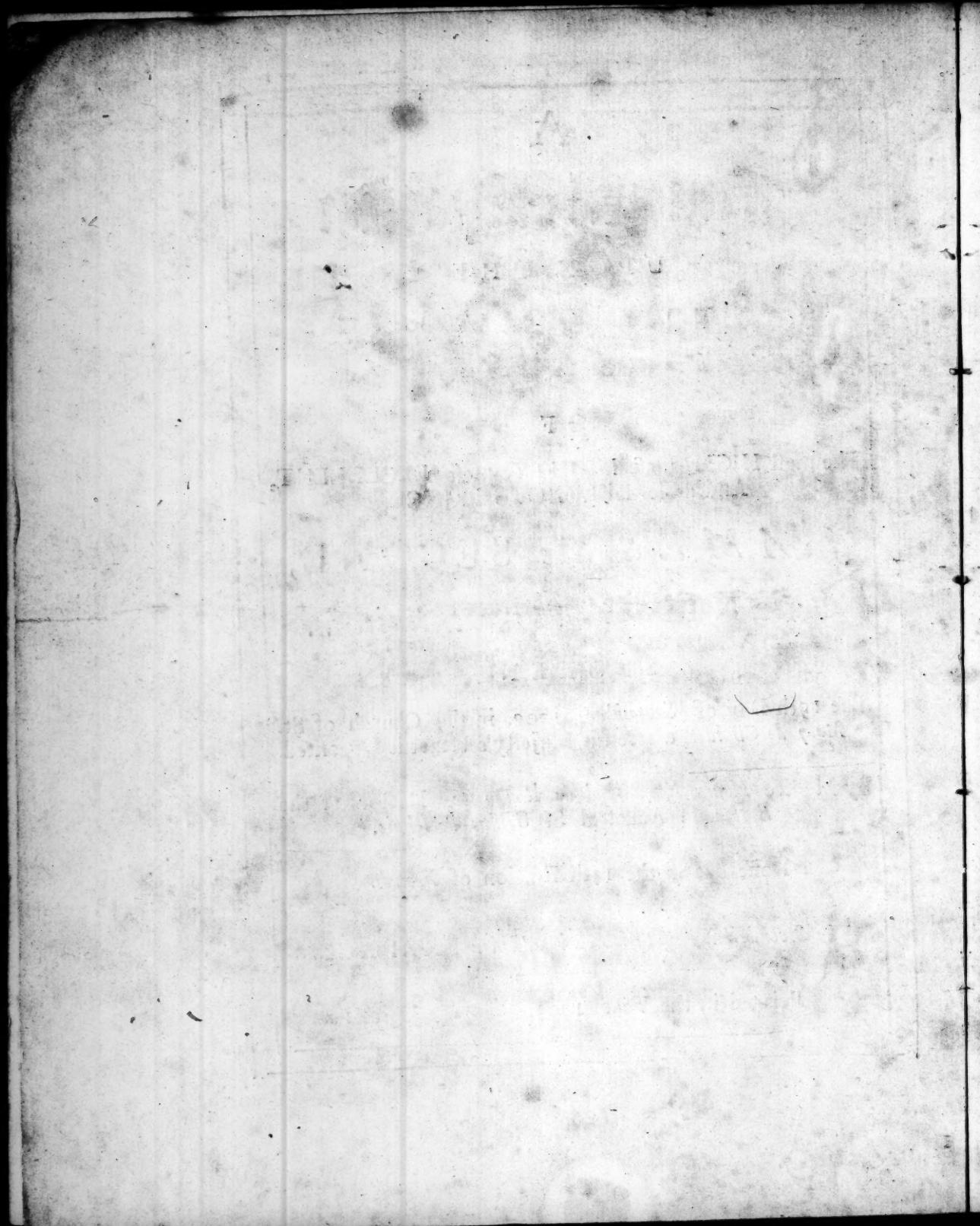
By Messire Henry Emmanuel de Rouquette, Doctor of the
Sorbonne; Abbot of St Gildas de Rhuis.

Done out of the 13th Edition of *French*.

The Second Edition, to which is added a PREFACE.

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

IF no other Reason could be brought for the Translation of this Funeral Oration upon the Death of that most Religious Prince, King James the Second: The many Editions it hath already receiv'd in French, are great Motives to it. The Author of this Oration, Messire Henry Emmanuel de Rouquette, Dr. of the Sorbonne, and Abbot of St. Gildas de Rhuis, is perhaps one of the greatest Orators France has produc'd, even since she became the Mart of Learning, and all Ingenious Arts. Now without doubt this Oration was thought to answer the Character of the Person that Spoke it; 'twas certainly esteem'd an Elaborate Piece, a Piece of Great and Uncommon Excellence, or else

13 Editions had never appear'd in the World, and much less reach'd our Coast; tho' the Memory of that Great, but Unfortunate Monarch, can never be buried in Oblivion.

Scarce any Foreign Work of Worth and Excellence appears in France, but they make it their own, by Translating it into their own Tongue. By that means they do, as it were, engross the Learning of all Nations to themselves, and make it plain to any indifferent Understanding. And shall we envy our Country-Men the Happiness, of seeing and Reading what the Learned do Abroad? Especially upon so Solemn an Occasion, as the Death of a Great Prince, Our Country-Man, and Father to our present Royal Sovereign. Shall France Mourn the Death of a Royal English STUART, and we stand by unconcern'd, and not so much as say, A Prince and a Great Man is fall'n this Day in Israel? Shall Multitudes of Weeping French-Men flock about his Grave to bear his Obsequies perform'd, and scarce a Tear be seen for Him in England? Shall Lewis the 14th Weep for one, who Living was a Charge to him? And shall Britannia not Lament his Departure, who, when he was in Prosperity was Her Glory, and in the Hour of his Death Interceeded with Heaven for Her?

What our Translator has done is only out of Profound Respect to the Memory of the Poor Deceas'd King, that England might have something to shew for

for him, as well as France, tho' borrow'd from a French Original. Our Translator did not undertake this Work out of any Affection to the Romish Principles contain'd in it (which he utterly renounces) but to oblige our Nation with a Brief Relation of the Miseries, that Unfortunate Prince was forc'd to undergo, to depaint to us the greatest Example of Patience and Humility which England ever bred, except his Royal Father; and, in short, to give us one of the most accurate and succinct Accounts of his Life, which ever yet appear'd.

Several People, I know, are Angry both with the Translator and the Translation. Some blame 'em for those Veins of Popery which run through the whole; which, as they say, ought not to be Expos'd to Publick View. To which I answer. It could not be imagined but this Oration should be Interlarded with Popish Notions, the Author himself being one of the Bulwarks of the Roman Catholick Religion, and therefore Excusable for that; and, I think, the Translator is full as much Excusable, not to say more for his Translation.

The Papistical Notions in the Original are indeed a Fault with respect to us. But that Fault in the Original is none in the Translation. The Bigotry of the Author is no Argument for the Bigotry of the Translator. 'Tis the Business of a Translator to do his Author Justice; to keep close to his Sense, to Translate,
not

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not to Alter. Which I am Confident our Translator has done. Now if any Learned, Religious, sincere Christian should undertake to Translate any Piece of Arius or Socinus, Shall we immediately conclude him an Arian or Socinian, for his Translation? God forbid. Yet I am confident many Persons are so Censorious, (but especially those who Decry Monarchy) as to Reckon our Translator among the Members of the Church of Rome, for this Token of his Affection to the Memory of the Poor King.

The Popish Notions here advanced by the Abbot, are such as have frequently appear'd in Print, and been exploded by all Protestants long since, so that we need not fear any ill Consequences the Reprinting of 'em can produce. Every one who knows any thing, knows the Papists, without Reading this Oration, and to those who know nothing, I do not Recommend the Reading of it.

The Encomium our Orator gives the French King, is no more than any Man would reasonably expect from a Frenchman, who owes his Preferment to his King, and who continually Basks in the Beams of His Royal Bounty. But that we do not pretend to vindicate: it may possibly be more than the French King deserves. Whether His late Majesty deserv'd the whole Eulogy here given H.m, I shall not pretend to Determine: But let that be as it it will, I am for De Mortuis nil nisi Bonum.

After

The Preface.

After all, there are yet two Objections made against this Oration, the one in Point of History, the other with Relation to the Word SIRS, in the Translation, which, say some Men, is not a proper Word in a Sermon.

The Expression objected against in Point of History, is pag. the 8. In his Tender YOUTH [meaning King James] was seen the First Fire of His Courage, Sparkling at the Battle of Edge-Hill, where He Fought Valiantly by the Side of the King His Father. Now the Question is, Whether he was present at Edge-Hill Fight or no? As I do not find any History which says He was there, so do I not find any which says He was not. But all Histories allow, That His Royal Father was forc'd from His Crown, and had no fix'd Place of Abode, and if none for Himself, much less for His Children; so that it is to be suppos'd He carried His Children with Him, those especially which were most in Danger of Violence from the Rebels, viz. the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. However, the Translation is literally True.

The Objection made against the Word SIRS seems to me to be groundless; for no Language is fitter for a Sermon than the Language of the Scripture. Now the Word SIRS is several times met with in Scripture. But to give one Instance for all. ACTS the 16. 30. When the Keeper had brought Paul and Silas

out

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out of the Prison, he said, SIRS what shall I do
to be Saved ?

*As for the English, I am confident 'tis Tolerable,
and may with Safety appear before a Jury of Criticks,
but perhaps the worse in the Opinion of the Papists,
because Translated by a Protestant.*

A

A
FUNERAL ORATION
 UPON THE
DEATH
 OF
KING JAMES the Second, &c.

Thou hast taken me by the Right Hand, and thou hast led me according to thy Will, and thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory. Psal. 72.

[In the English. Psal. 73. v. 24, 25.]

MY LORD,

HVS did Holy King DAVID meditate upon the different Events of Fortune, sometimes Happy and Victorious, sometimes Unhappy and Oppress'd; who as Conquerour of the Philistines, and Persecuted by his Own Son, had pass'd through both the Extremities of Humane Life. And Thus also reflecting upon the Special Protection, that he had often Experienc'd in his Mis-



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fortunes,

Cardinal
de Noailles
officiating.
PART I.

fortunes, he blest GOD, the Protector of Innocence, for having Supported his *Weakness*, guided his *Steps*, and rais'd him to *Glory*. *Thou hast taken me by the Right Hand, and thou hast led me according to thy Will, and thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory.*

Upon this Juncture, SIRS, Ye anticipate the Application I wculd make of these Words. A new DAVID has appear'd in *Our Days*. The Order of Divine Providence hath again brought down that *Chain* of *Prosperities* and *Disgraces* upon *Him*, of which the *Life* of the Holy King of *Israel* was variously linked. Ye have seen his *Fidelity*, his *Mildness*, his *Constancy*; the same *Misfortunes*, and the same *Virtues*, All reviv'd in the *KING OF ENGLAND*: And for the Honour of *Religion*, I could wish an *Encomium* worthy of him.

Far be from *Me* all Suspicion of *Flattery*, all Umbrage of *Aggravation*. Simple *Truth* here is far above All the *Art* of *Eloquence*. In vain should I go about to *Solicite* your *Attention*; for it will be sufficiently excited by the *Greatness* of those *Events*, by the *Majesty* of those *Persons*, by the *Sublimity* of those *Virtues*, which will be the *Subject Matter* and *Principal Ornament* of this *Discourse*.

I come now to set before your Eyes a *Hero* truly Christian, whom the Natural Situation of his *Heart*, and much more his lively *Faith*, have render'd far Superior to the strangest *Revolutions*. *Fortune* was always fickle upon *Extremes* with him. He experienced both her *Smiles* and her *Frowns* without Measure, either crowded with her *Kindnesses* and *Careesses* on the *One Hand*; or over-burden'd with her *Assaults* and *Oppressions* on the *Other*. When I reflect upon his *Former Years*, I am as it were dazl'd with the *Lustre* of his *Glory*;

Glory ; and when I look upon his *Latter Days*, my Heart rises, my Spirit is troubled within me, and afraid to enter upon the *Relation* of his *Afflictions*, which have Involv'd all *EUROPE*.

FRANCE, that was a *Witness* of his *Disgraces*, had been formerly the *Theatre* of his first *Exploits*; and *FRANCE* admir'd his Undaunted *Courage*, which was the *Astonishment* both of the *CONDE's* and *Turennes*. *England* that forc'd him to leave his *Throne*, had it self brought him to it, all Cover'd with *Laurels*. *England* Triumph'd twice at *Sea* by his *Valour*; *England* look'd upon her Self as the *Umpire* of the *Fates* of *Europe* by his *Wisdom*; *England* acknowledg'd her Self oblig'd to *Him* for her profound *Peace* and *Tranquility*. Happy *England*, if she had known how to make *Advantage* of it, instead of turning the Benefit of so many *Victories* against the *Welfare* of the *Conquerour*. But let us forget, if possible, her *Ingratitude*, and leave to *Her* the Trouble of revenging it upon *Her self*.

Prepare your selves therefore, *Sirs*, to Behold in the *Picture* I am going to present to you, such strange *Events* of *Things* as are almost *Incredible*. The *Uncertainty* and *Insignificancy* of *Humane Affairs* appeared throughout his whole *Life*. He that ought to support the *Throne*, is the *Person* that pulls it down. *Europe* Sacrifices her *Peace* for the Promotion of *One Single Man*, to Gratify his *Ambition*. *Sovereign Princes* forget their *Own Interests* to favour the *Usurpation*. *Faith* in *Confederacy* against *Faith* makes it Easy for *Error* to destroy what remains of the *Primitive Religion* in *Three Kingdoms*. A *Foreign Power* establishes it self, without any *Opposition*, upon the *Ruines* of the *Lawful Government*. A *People* deluded with the alluring *Charms*

Charms of *Liberty*, voluntarily Embrace a far Heavier *Bondage* than what they throw-off, for *Slavery*. A King raised up by *GOD* to be the *Sanctuary* and *Protection* of *Innocence*, singly defends the Sacred Rights of *Royalty* and *Religion*, equally Oppress'd, against all *Opposers*.

However, Among so many *Prodigies*, my Eyes seem yet to discover somewhat more Uncommon and Extraordinary. An unfortunate King, but *Faithful*, in whom *Religion* conquers *Fortune*; who looks upon her various *Freaks* and *Inconstancies* with an undisturb'd Eye, and a *Christian Indifference*; who from thence draws the Motives and the Measures of his *Repentance*; *Humble* enough to suffer all *Tbings*; *Generous* enough to forgive all *Men*; *Dis-interested* enough to *Sacrifice All* for *GOD's Service*. Methinks I see him sav'd from *Shipwrack*; who considering the Dangerous *Rocks*, upon which *GOD* hath Preserv'd him from *Splitting*, and the *Harbour* whither he has *safely* brought him, cries out with Holy *KING DAVID*, the *Example* of his own *Miseries*, and *GOD's Mercies* to him: *Thou hast taken me by the Right-Hand, and thou hast led me according to thy Will, and thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory.*

Let us *Christians* apply our Minds to those Glorious *Prospects* which *Faith* shews us; and that we may make good *Use* of this Memorable *Example* which *GOD* exposes to the *Christian World* to awaken it from its *Drowsiness* and *Lethargy*, let us *Contemplate* in this wonderful vicissitude of *Temporal Enjoyments*; of *Adversities*, of *Prosperities*, of *Disgraces*; That *GOD* which guides the *Just*; *GOD* that purifies the *Just*; *GOD* that crowns the *JUST*; who leads him to *Truth*; who cleanses him

him in *Tribulation*; who accomplishes him through *Perseverance*. The Improvements of his *Faith*. The Tryals of his *Patience*. The Wonders of his *Death*.

This is All, *Sirs*, that will be set forth in this *Funerall EULOGY*, which I Dedicate to the Immortal Memory of the *Most High, Most Mighty, Most Excellent, and Most Religious PRINCE JAMES the Second, King of GREAT BRITAIN*.

Providence that Orders all Things by *Weight, Number, and Measure*, according to the Expression of the *Wise Man*, would have the very Birth of the *Duke of York*, afterwards *King of Great Britain*, partake a little of both the *Extremities*, which were to divide his Life. By Divine *Appointment*, He was Born among *Crowns and Sceptres*, and the Blood of *France, of Scotland, and of England*; That is to say, whatsoever was most Noble and Pure under the Sun, was re-united in his *Person*: But then to Counterballance those *Advantages*, He was Born of a *Father and a Mother* by the same *Providence*, who were to Transfer to Him the *Succession of their Misfortunes*, as it were, by the Right of *Inheritance*.

CROMWELL, that vast and profound *Genius*, who was so perfectly Qualify'd with the Art of *Cajoling* and drawing Peoples *Hearts and Minds* entirely after him; That *Man of Modesty and Ambition* at the same time; Capable of Counterfeiting all *Virtues*; Audacious enough to Commit all *Crimes* that were convenient for his Purpose to promote his Designs; *Cromwell*, I say, some time after this, began to lay the Foundations of *Independency in England*, and effectually to undermine those of *Royalty and True Religion*.

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The Universe has Rung of his fatal Successes. This *Rebel* had the Fortune to prevail against his *Sovereign*, and God that resolv'd to Punish the Kings of *England* for daring to raise their *Subjects* in Rebellion against the *Authority* of the *Church*, made use of a *Subject* to destroy the *Authority* of *Kings*.

CHARLES the First was the *Sacrifice*. The *Family* of that Great Prince being *Banish'd* and *Fugitive*, wander'd along time about his *Kingdoms*; and after that, was dispers'd into several *Courts of Europe*. The *Prince of Wales*, the *Duke of York*, the *Duke of Gloucester*, His *Children*, after having Travell'd through all the Difficulties of *Apprehension* and *Trouble*, one while *Taken*, another while *Sav'd*; changing their *Fortune* and *Figure* every Moment, and in all *Places* carrying along with them the Unfortunate Remains of their *Grandeur*, they came at last to seek for *Sanctuary*, under the *Shelter* of the *French Throne*.

That was a *Proof* of the Illustrious *Protection* and *Entertainment*, which the *Duke of York* being *Crown'd King*, was afterwards to find *There*. But the *Time* is not yet accomplish'd. Let *LEWIS* grow up first, that *Young Hero* given by *God*, for the *Happiness* of *Kings*, as well as for the *Welfare* of the *Common People*. Let him strengthen by insensible Degrees that growing *Power*, which must one Day move the *Terror*, the *Admiration*, or the *Jealousy* of all others; and then you shall see the Glorious *Use* which *Lewis* knew to make on't; to *Thunder* against *Vice* and *Error*, to *Protect* *Faith* and *Innocence*, to make *Religion* and the *Laws* *Flourish*, and to become that *Oracle of Wisdom* at last, whose *Decisions*, *Kings* themselves seek after with *Eagerness*, and receive with *Veneration*, upon *Affairs of Controversy*. But

But let us return to the Duke of York, and not still Sully the Glory of the most Flourishing Reign that ever was, with the sad Relation of his Misfortunes.

There is *He* then withdrawn by a Complication of Miracles from the Fury of the Seditious. There is *He* happily Arriv'd in *France*. It is Thou, *Lord*, it is Thou that led him thither by the Hand, according to the *Text*; *Thou hast held me by the Right Hand*. Thou, *Lord*, wouldst have him learn *there*, by the Example of a Disconsolate *Mother*, but *Couragious* and *Christian*; to despise *Thrones* that might be *Usurp'd*, and to put his whole *Trust* and *Confidence* in *Thee* alone.

Thus grew the *Wisdom* and *Constancy* of the Duke of *Tork*, cultivated and improv'd by those *Royal Hands*. Whether out of *Esteem*, *Foresight*, or *Sympathy*, the *Queen his Mother* made it her *Business* before all things, to Inspire him with her *Virtues*; and *He* having good *Natural Parts*, and a docible *Genius*, receiv'd the *Impressions* of them with *Success* and *Applause*.

But among all the Excellent *Qualities* which had already drawn upon him the Publick *Admiration* of *Courts* and *Kingdoms*, he wanted yet the most *Precious* of all *Valuable Gifts*; That is, the *FAITH*, *Sirs*, and *All*, with the *Faith*. For what is *He* without it, but a *Man* deliver'd up to *Errour*, rashly adoring the vain *Productions* of his own extravagant *Fancy* without *Reflection*? The Duke of *York* by his *Birth* was engag'd in the *Perswasion* of his *Ancestors*, and that was his greatest *Unhappiness*; which above all other *Things* most afflicted his *Pious Mother*. She was more desirous to see her *Children* come into the *Bosom* of the *Church of Jesus Christ*, than to see them Mount their *Father's Throne*; and on this Hand she ply'd all *her*

her *Vows*, her *Cares*, and her *Hopes* to accomplish her *Zeal*. But the Hour was not yet come; and God that had destin'd the Duke of *York* to be the Ornament and Prodigy of the *True Faith*, suffer'd him a long time to be subject to *Errour*, that he might make him the better understand the dangerous *Illusions* of it, and relish the known *Truth* with a better *Gust*.

The *Spar* of *Glory* had already prick'd him, and put him upon Great Actions. In his tender *Youth* was seen the first *Fire* of his *Courage*, sparkling at the Battel of *Edge-Hill*, where he Fought Valiantly by the side of the King his *Father*. But *Age* encreasing his *Strength* and his *Force*, encreas'd also his *Heat* and his *Valour*; and in short, the *Love of Arms* became his chief Predominant Passion. Being Born to *Command*, he has a mind to learn first how to *Obey*. He chuses the *Great Turenne* for his Master. Under that Brave *General*, the young *Hero* makes his way to *Glory* through *Fire* and *Sword*, and the most Terrible of *Dangers*. Thousands, and Ten Thousands fall on both sides of him, at *Estampes*, at *Villeneuve*, at *St. Anthony*, at *Arras*; and *Death* seem'd to Distinguish and Respect him for his undaunted *Courage*, *Resolution*, and *Intrepidity*.

As long as *Death* spares him, *Fortune* still redoubles her *Blows*. A new *Tempest* or *Commotion*, rais'd by some *Politick Speculations*, makes him a *Fugitive* again, and drives him into *Flanders*, which opens her *Arms* to receive him with *Generosity*.

It is there, that he comes acquainted with the Great *Condé*, that *Hero* of *Eternal Memory*, whose *Name* is become, as it were, the very *Symbol*, or *distinguishing Badge of Valour*. It is there that he *Glories in Marching*

Marching after Him to the famous Battle of *Dunes*; and there admiring this *Mortal* near at hand, who appear'd to be more than *Man* in the *Action*, he became the *Object* of a *Mutual Admiration*.

In the midst of those Military Affairs and Warlike Transactions, God! Sirs, (who would believe it?) God caused some *Rays* of his Truth to shine upon the Duke of *York*; so that darting through his *Misfortunes*, he had a *Glimpse* of his *Wanderings* and his *Errours*. *Lectures*, *Conferences*, *Reflexions*, all discover to him in the *Protestant Religion* the *Footsteps* of *Novelty*, and *Irreligious Intemperance*, which hath transported Men into infinite *Innovations*. The fatal *Vail* that blinds him, will fall off from his Eyes in a little time; but he must yet follow that *Invisible Hand* which lets him wander in the *Ways of Vanity and Falshood*; till God, that *Guides the Son of his own Calling*, is pleas'd to bring him to *perfect Light and Understanding*.

'Tis not in *Catholick Countries*, nor among the truly *Faithful*, that God is willing to *Triumph* over the Duke of *York*; 'Tis in *England*, in the *Centre of Darkness*, in the most impregnable *Fort of Heresy*. It is *There*, it is *there* that God has a mind to strengthen him by a long *Patience*, and confirm him against all the *Contentions* and *Conflicts*, which he is to sustain for the *True Faith*.

A sudden *Revolution* calls back King *Charles the Second* to his own *Kingdoms*; and God, to show the *World* that he holds the *Reins* of all *Governments* in his own *Hand*, raises up the *Throne of England* by the same *Miraculous Power*, which had cast it down even to *Destruction*.

The Duke of *York* sticking close to the *Destinies* of the *King* his *Brother*; after the *Horrors* of the *Storm* are blown over, he begins to taste the *Pleasures* of the *Calm*. The *Principal Trusts* of the *Government* are committed to his

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Charge.

Charge. He is made *Lord High Admiral* of the *Seas*, *Lord* of the *Cinque Ports*, *Generalissimo* of the *Land Forces*; all *Things* have *good Success* in his *Hands*. *Nothing* but *Prosperities* upon *Prosperities*, *Victories* upon *Victories*. He is look'd upon as the *Buckler of the State*; as the *Glory*, the *Lamp*, or the *Flambeau of the Nation*; and he *Restores* to *England* those *Happy* and *Triumphant Days*, in which *She* enjoy'd a *profound Peace at Home*, and carry'd the *Terror* of her *Victorious Arms* far *Abroad*.

What do you expect, *Sirs*, from those *Successes*? Who would not believe now, that the *Duke of York* infatuated with his *Good Fortune*, is ready to *Sacrifice* his *Religion* to't? But quite contrary, it is to *Religion* that he goes about to *Sacrifice* his *Fortune*. Far from suffering himself to be dazzled with that vain *Pomp* and *Lustre*, he enquires into his *Soul*, and laments his own *Blindness*. *Humble* and *Tractable* amidst *Acclamations* and *Triumphs*, he lifts up the *Voice* of his *Heart* to *God*; he says as *Holy King David* did; *O Lord, enlighten my darkness.* *Psal. 17.*

God hears him, *Sirs*. The *Prejudices* fall off, the *Doubts* clear-up, the *Great Day of Truth* appears: And having thus subdued *Himself* to the bottom of his *Heart*, he has now the *holy Ambition* to subdue *others* to the same *Faith*; he meditates upon the *Conversion* of the *King* his *Brother*, and the *Duchess* his *Spouse*? What *Conquests* for *Religion*? But what *Obstacles* to surmount? The *Scruples* of *Prevention*, the *Delicacies* of *Haughtiness*, the *Terrors* of *Policy*, the *Tyes* of *Custom*, the *Tyranny* of *Humane Respect*. Nothing is *Invincible* to the *Duke of York*; for happily making use of the *Powerful Influence*, which *Esteem*, *Friendship*, and *Confidence* give him, he insinuates himself by *Mildness*, he *perswades* by *Reason*, he *draws* by *Example*.

O Heaven, O Earth, Rejoyce! The Dutches of York is already Conquer'd and Converted; and I see her as Zealous now for the Truth, as she had been Passionate for Falshood. From whence can arise so marvelous a Change? Hear, ye Faithful, and Admire. Her August Spouse lays an innocent Snare for her Curiosity, and lets fall, on purpose, before her Eyes, the *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*. The Princess greedily seizes the Bait; but her quick and piercing Wit presently discovers the Mystery of Iniquity. In spite of Disguise and Imposture, the *Reformation* so much boasted of, appears to her what it is; That is to say, A *Work of Human Passions*. She sees the Birth of it owing to *Libertinism*, the Progress of it to *Pride*, the Consummation of it to *Rebellion*, and in fine, she detests those pernicious *Exorbitances*.

Great King, whose tractable Heart now begins to open to the Charms of Truth, why do you put off paying your Homage to her publickly? Your Delays will only serve to make the Courageous Zeal of the Duke of York yet more Illustrious. He will always follow your Fortune even into the Arms of Death. More Careful of your Safety and Salvation than of his own Life; he will run the Risque of all Dangers to make an Advantage of those Decisive Moments, and to deliver you from the Power of Darkness; and your Dying in the Catholick Communion will be an Eternal Monument of his Piety, and (as I may say), the Master-Piece of his Courage.

But, without anticipating the Time, let us follow the Duke of York in the Progress of his growing Faith. A cruel Subjection, My Brethren; The King, the Duke, the Dutches, though never so much inwardly enlighten'd in their Minds, durst not yet outwardly make manifest the secret Impressions of Grace. To be a Catholick, was a Crime.

Crime. At length the *Critical Minute* comes, when the Duke, being in some Indignation at those shameful Managements, and not able to keep *Truth* any longer Captive in his Heart, resolves to break openly with *Error*. The King, to whom he communicates his Design, trembles at the prospect of *New Troubles*, which he goes about to bring, perhaps, both upon his *Person* and his *Throne*. For, in short, what Surprize and Consternation must *England* be in, so jealous of his pretended *Reformation*, to see the *Brother* of the *King* Declaring himself against the *Governing Party*, and set up *Altar* against *Altar*? *DISSEMBLE*, says the *King* to him; Will you expose your *Religion*, and hazard my *Authority*? What good will the sudden Noise on't do, like a Clap of Thunder, but Irritate *Peoples Minds*, Provoke their *Passions*, and Kindle such a *Fire* as we cannot Extinguish?

The Duke submits for some time, to the Advice of his *Sovereign*, and gives up *All* he can, without engaging his *Faith*, to *Prudence*. In the mean while however, he is suspected to be a *Catholick*; the *Suspicions* presently encrease, and turn into *Murmurings*; the *Murmurings* into *Complaints*; the *Complaints* into clear *Convictions*, and the *Convictions* into open *Hatred*.

Heaven, What do I see! The *Commons* incens'd, all the *Orders* of the *Kingdom* outrageously let loose to Exclude the *Lawful Successor* from the *Crown*. What New *Conspiracy* is this here, that influences the *Hearts* and *Minds* of *Men*? 'Tis the *Faith*, 'tis the *Faith* they Attack in the *Person* of the Duke of *York*. While a *Protestant*, he was the *Love* and *Admiration* of *People*; but now a *Catholick*, he is the *Object* of their *Aversion* and *Horrour*.

But

But fear Nothing, Sirs; the Hand of God supports the *Just*; and it is *here*, that the *Protection* of Heaven appears singularly Glorious; *Thou hast held me by the right Hand*: for neither the *Respect* due to a *Sovereign*, nor the *Prospects* of *Interest* and *Fortune*, nor the *Universal Outrage*, can bow-down the *Inflexible Courage* of the *Duke of York*. To regard nothing in Point of *Religion*, is his *Character*; and nothing shall oblige him either to give *Ground* and *renounce* his *Principles*, or but so much as to *Dissemble* them. Must he quit his *Employments*? He quits them. Remove from *Court*? He removes. Abandon the *Noblest Expectations* of the *Age*? He is ready to abandon them. O *Faith*, O *Faith*! With what *Greatness* of *Soul* dost thou Inspire *Those*, in whom thou *Governs* with an *Absolute Sway*.

In the mean time, the *Duke of York*, by the Force of his *Constancy* and *Success*, brings *Persons* over to him, and *Reconciles* their *Affections*. His *Religion* is *tolerated* in *Favour* of his *Great Services*: and *He*, making use of those *Advantages* for the *Interest* of *Religion*, employs the *utmost Effort* of his *Credit* and *Honour* to make the *Yoke Easy*, which had so long gall'd and oppress'd the *Catholicks in England*. *Truth* almost reduc'd to *Darkness* and *Silence*, dare now bring forth her *Mysteries* into open *Light*; lift-up her *Voice* in the *Streets*, and gain-say *Errour*: and the *Duke of York's Chappel*, being set Open for the *Devotion* of the truly *Faithful*, look'd like another *Sacred ARK* floating with *Safety* and *Security* in a *Deluge* of *Errors*.

To tye those *Knots* faster yet, which kept him *Firm* to the *Catholick Faith*, after the *Death* of his *First Wife*, God chooses him a *Second*, Worthy of him; who joyning *Birth* to *Courage*; *Graces* to *Majesty*; *Gentleness* to *Force*,

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with a transcendant *Wit*, was capable of Encreasing in some measure her Spouse's *Stedfastness* and *Constancy*, and of raising his *Thoughts* and *Affections* above every thing that is not *GOD*.

A Happy and August *Marriage*, which prov'd a *Fountain* of Blessings and Graces to them *Both*; Especially if we Consider their *Latter Days*: For, in a *an Intimate Correspondence* of their Minds and Thoughts, in a *Perfect Conformity* of their Inclinations and Manners, we may behold the *Ardour* of the *One* still Encreasing as it is reflected and redoubled by the *Ardour* of the *Other*; *Both* Zealous for the *Truth*; *Both* mutually making use of the same Motive and Example; *Both* labouring, in a *Pious Emulation* of one another, for their *Own Sanctification* and the *Salvation* of their *Subjects*.

The *Duke of York* being now *King*; (for I hasten to show him upon the *Throne*: and the Importance of the *Events* which remain yet to be described, oblige me to heap up all *Matters of Fact* as fast as I can together, in order to conclude my *Relation*.) The *Duke of York* being *King*, believ'd, *Sirs*, that *GOD* would not bless his *Reign* any further than he should establish the *Reign of GOD*. He look'd upon his *Misfortune* of having been engag'd in *Heretie*, as a Personal Obligation upon him to draw his *People* from it; and applying *these Words* to *Himself*, which *Jesus Christ* spake in former days to the *visible Head of his Church*, and when thou art *Converted*, *Strengthen thy Brethren*. Luk. 22. he made it a *Duty* and a *Point of Religion*, to attempt the *Re-establishment* of the *Catholick Faith* in his *Kingdoms*.

No *Conjunctare* ever seem'd more *Happy*. The *People* saw him Mount the *Throne* with Acclamation; and in a manner forgetting that he was a *Catholick*, they look'd upon

upon his *Elevation* as a *Publick Blessing*, and made a sort of a *Triumph* on't. Upon those favourable *Presages*, the *New King* puts every thing in Practice for reconciling the *Minds* of Men and *Winning* their *Hearts*; and taking those Measures that he judg'd Necessary for *Moderating* and *Counterpoising* *different Opinions*, he renew'd the Famous *Declaration for Liberty of Conscience*, which had been publish'd before in the *Reign* of the *King* his *Brother*.

The *Work* of *God* advanc'd every day; and the *Catholick Religion*, without taking away any thing from the *Protestant*, came again by little and little to enjoy its *Rights* and *Privileges*. The *Faction* of the *Earl of Argyle* strangled in its Birth; the *Duke of Monmouth* fallen under the *Sword of Justice*, kept the *Factions* in *Awe*, and made them sensible that *Nothing* could be attempted against the *Royal Authority*, without *Condign Punishment*.

We clapt our *Hands* for *Joy* upon those *Successes*. Being accustomed to the *Miraculous Reign* of *LEWIS THE GREAT*, whose *Powerful Arm* at one *Blow* destroy'd *Heresy* in this *Kingdom*; We anticipated now by *Hope*, the *Happy Time* to come, which *Heaven* seem'd to promise *England*. *Alas! alas!* We did not perceive a *hidden Fire*, which was suddenly to break out like *Lightning*, and put all *Europe* in a *Blaze*. Under this *deceitful Calm* was form'd a *Horrid Domestick Storm*, ready to destroy all such *Holy Projects*, and overwhelm the *Government*.

Immortal *GOD!* Must I be forc'd here to *Justifie* to the *Christian World* the *Pious Excesses* of a *King*, who is accused of having ventur'd too much for the *Advancement* of the *Catholick Faith*. A Glorious *Reproach*.

proach. Yes, I aver it, *Sirs*, and I cannot Proclaim it Loud enough in the Pulpit of Truth. The *King of England* hath loyd his *Religion to Excess*, to the Degree of passing for a *Rash, Inconsiderate Man*, according to the *False Notion*, and *Wisdom* of the *Age*. This shall be, if they please, his *Illustrious Fault*, for having *Discountenanc'd Humane Respect*; for having suppress'd all *Secular Interest*; for having little regard'd the *World*, out of a *Desire of Honouring his GOD*. Whatsoever may be his *Pretended Crime* in the *Eyes of Men*, it is certainly in the *Eye of GOD* his *Virtue*.

But after all, that this blind and unjust *World*, that judges of *Designs* only by *Success*, that esteems *Virtue* no longer than it is *Fortunate*; may know, and Reverence the Solid *Reasons* which induc'd this Great *King* to venture upon a *Religious Undertaking*, and run the hazard of his *Crown* for it: 'Twas *GOD* that inspir'd him with that *Holy Boldnes*, and *Christian Courage*. *GOD* alone, *My Brethren*, and all but *GOD* fought against it. He has only endeavour'd to do, what *Josias*, *Constantine*, *Theodosius*, and many other *Princes* had done before him; in whom the *Love of Religion* prevail'd above *Humane Interest*. If their *Enterprize* hath had good *Success*, and gain'd its *Point*, let the *Glor*-*ry* of it be ascrib'd to the *ALMIGHTY*; but we can say *This*, that it was neither the less *Difficult*, nor the less *Dangerous* for succeeding so well. *Josias* undertakes to Extirpate *Idolatry* in *Judah*, in spite of the Reigning Inclination of the *Jewish People*. *Constantine* bows down his *Lofty Head* under the *Toke of the Gospel*, in spite of all the *Contradiction* of the *Universe*. *Theodosius* pulls down the *Altar of Victory*, in spite of all the *Re-monstrances* and *Opposition* of the *Roman Senate*.

But

But if the Zeal even of those Great Princes should have turn'd against *Religion* and against *Themselves* too, Would it therefore have been less *Christian*? Would it have been less *Commendable*? What then? The *Crime* of *Henry* the 8th will be approv'd and applauded, because it was *Fortunate*; and the *Piety* of *James* the 2d. will be *Censur'd* and found *Fault* with, because it was *Unfortunate*.

Does it belong to blind *Mortals*, to direct the *Proceedings* of the *Divine Wisdom*, and can it not merit *their Approbation*, without pleasing *their Humours* and suiting *their Whimsies*? Do these pretended *Sages* know, against whom they *Murmur*? It is not against a *Mortal King*, but an *Eternal*; who from the *Highest Heavens*, *Governs* the *Fates* of *Religion*, as well as those of *Kingdoms* upon *Earth*. The *Project* was in the *Will* of *Man* *Inspir'd* by *God*; but the *Success* was in the *Hand* of *God*, that *Inspir'd* the *Man*. If thou hast not consented to him, *O Lord*, it belongs to *Thee* to justify thy *Conduct*; and where is the *Fool-hardy Wretch* that dares Contend here with *Thee*, or say unto *Thee*, Why hast *Thou* suffer'd him to do *This*?

What my *Religion* teaches me, and after it the Great *St. Augustin*, Epist. 185. c. 5. is *This*, *Sirs*; that *Kings* cannot *Serve God*, save only by putting in *Execution* that which cannot be *Executed* but by *Kings*. *This*; that *God* often *Accomplishes* his *Designs* by the same *Means* which seem to *destroy* them. *This*; that as he sometimes makes the most *Unjust Undertakings* prosper, to *Punish* the *People*; so he sometimes also suffers the most *Just Attempts* to miscarry, in order to *Sanctify* the *Kings*. Let us hold our *Tongues*, not *Repine*, but *Humble* our *selves* under the *Almighty Hand*; and according to the

Example of the *Holy King*, whose *Encomium* I pursue,
Let us deliver our selves, without Murmuring and
Reserve, wholly up to the wise Disposal of his *Holy
Will*: *And thou hast led me according to thy Will.*

PART II. What is the *Will of GOD*? That every one *Sanctify* himself, says the *Apostle*. *1 Thess. 4*. This is the *End* to which all the Dispositions of *Providence* tend. But altho' *GOD wills* the *Sanctification* of all the *Faithful*, he does not yet lead them *All to Holiness* by the same *Ways* and *Means*. *Prosperities* to *Some*, and *Afflictions* to *Others*, are as *Common Roads* mark'd out, which lead *Men* to *GOD*: With this *Difference* however, that *Affliction* which *bumbles* their *Hearts*, brings them far more safely *thither*, than *Prosperity* which *Puffs* *People* up with *Pride* and *Grandeur*.

What is it then that *Faith* does Discover to us, in those Surprizing *Revolutions*, which have Dethron'd the *King of England*? *GOD*, who *will* save his *Elect*; and who moves Heaven and Earth, to secure their *Eternal Predestination*.

And therefore, *Sirs*, let us not Accuse here, either the *Temper of the Nation*, naturally Fierce, Free and *Independent*, that has lost its *Peace* and *Quiet* in a settled *Tranquility*, ever since it *Swerv'd* from the *first Point* of *True Faith*; Or the fatal *Dexterity* of a *Prince*, who knew how to make *Religion*, *Policy*, and the specious *Name* of *Liberty*, all serve his *Designs*? Let us ascend higher. 'Tis *GOD* that moves and manages the secret *Springs* of those Affairs, for the *Sanctification* of the *King of England*; whom he goes about to purify in the *Fire* of *Tribulation*, as *Gold* is purify'd in the *Furnace*.

Behold

Behold this Great *King* wandering in his own *Country* ; a *Captive* in his own *Dominions*, deliver'd up to the violent Insults of a lawless *Mobb*, and the Unworthy Treatment of his own *Rebellious Subjects* ! Behold him seeking to withdraw his *Person* by Stealth ! And (what is still more *Dear* to him) a *Son*, the only *Hopes* of *Religion* and the *Throne*, seeking to Escape the Pursuits of an *Enemy*, so much the more Formidable, as he Arms himself with *Pretences* of *Publick Good*, tramples upon all *Duties*, and breaks through all the *Laws of Nature* !

O God ! To what *Tryal* dost Thou put the *King of England* ? To see his *Own Blood* rise-up against him ! To see his *Persecutor* come out of the *Bosom* of his *Own Family*. He must have felt it, *My Brethren* ; Who is able to Express it ! This was the *Trouble* that most Sensibly afflicted *Holy King David*. For, *The Malediction of my Enemy, I could have born with Patience*. Psal. 54. or, 55. *The Blow, said he, would be less Rude and Grievous*, if it came from a Hand that is less *Dear* : But *You*, who ought to be but *One Heart* and *One Soul* with me, my *Familiar Friend* ; *You*, in whom I have put my *Trust* and *Confidence* ; *You*, in whom *Nature* united me by the strongest Bonds of *Affection* and *Tenderness* ; *That You have Sworn my Ruine* : Ah ! *This is it*, that heightens and enhances all my *Misfortunes* above Measure, and makes them *Intolerable*.

But that which seems unsupportable to *Nature*, becomes light and easy by the Succours of *Faith*. The *One* Revolts, the *Other* Submits ; and in its *Submission*, finds its *Constancy* and its *Power*. *It is the Lord, says the Holy King* ; dispose, O *Lord*, dispose, as it shall please *Thee*, of my *Crown* and my *Person*. I am a *King*, but Thou art my *Lord* and *Master*. Must I descend from the *Throne*,

Throne, Speak ; I am ready here, I descend. But if he thus say, I have no delight in thee : Behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him. 2 Sam. 15.

Yes, Prince, God will have you yield to Violence. A Revolt breaks forth on all sides into Noise and Insurrection. Every step the Usurper marches is a Victory without Fighting for't. All comply, All submit, All put themselves under his Laws ; the Contrivance is so exact, and the Defection so General. Distrust such a People, whose ungovernable Liberty knows neither Rules, Laws, nor Limits : The Blood of Charles the First cries out for Vengeance still, and gives you Notice that Royalty is not a Rampart strong enough against blind Fury and Popular Madness. If they have not Respected the Father, who can Answer for it, that they will Reverence the Son. Fly, Fly before ABSALOM, that Artificial Prince, who by his private Cabals, and secret Practices, hath Inveigled and Deluded your most Faithful Subjects. France offers you a Sanctuary ; as Safe and Secure, as it is Honourable. LEWIS never refus'd his Assistance or Relief to the Oppressed ; and should he refuse it now to his Own Blood ? And must he, to Obtain any other Title than that of being Unfortunate and Miserable ?

O Memorable Day ! Fortunate Day ! I will say for France, (shall I say for England ?) where Mercy and Truth, Justice and Peace met each other, and Saluted one another with the Closest Embraces of Friendship. What were the Transports of this Reception ! What was the Nobleness and the Magnificence of it ? What Glory for the King, the Protector ? What Comfort for the King, the Protected ? In spite of his Calamities, he feels the Charm ; he Avows that the Sight of Lewis the Great had suspended the Impression of All his Troubles.

But

But soon after this, there is he plung'd again into the Gall of Bitterness. GOD, that had Chalk'd out the Way of his Sanctification by Crosses, multiply'd them upon him. He causes the Splendid Preparation and Equipage for his Re-Establishment to run a-ground before his Eyes. He renders him an Idle Spectator of the Triumph of his Enemies. They endeavour to Pass the Sea, and the Angry unkind Sea refuses them Passage. The Winds break loose, the Fleet is dispers'd, the Secret betray'd; Every thing fails, every thing is frustrated of its Design. GOD that presides over the Council of Kings, takes away sometimes the Thought, sometimes the Means of Preserving Ireland; a Kingdom, which by the Example of its constant Fidelity, was enough to Reclaim both the Other: So that by Disappointments upon Disappointments, and so many Obstacles one upon another, Humane Prudence and Force is confounded, and all turns into Disgrace to the Unfortunate King.

But nothing can bespatter either his Firmness of Faith, or his perfect Submission to the Decrees of Heaven. The more GOD afflicts him, the closer he clings and adheres to GOD. His Misfortunes are, as it were, the Bonds of his Love. According as he sees Terrestrial Supports sink under him, he transports his Desires from Earth to Heaven.

There's no more talk now of his Restoration. The Sacrifice is prepar'd, and dis-engag'd with the World: Even fearing, if I may be so bold as to say it, fearing lest GOD should renew the Thread of his former Prosperities. If he desires any Happy Return, it is for the sake of Religion, for the sake of his Kingdoms, for the sake of his Family. Being content to outlive his Grand-children that he might despise them, he thanks GOD for

having laid his *Fatherly Hand* heavy upon him, and for having humbled him to make him the more Tractable to *Sacred Truths*. This is the Language of holy *King David*: *It is good for me, that thou hast humbled me, that I may learn thy saving Truths.* Psal. 118. or, 119. It is a *Good*; it is an *Advantage* to me. *Kings* would not humble themselves, *said he*, if *God* did not take care to humble them. Every thing *Conspires* both *without* and *within* themselves, to puff them up with *Pride* and *Vanity*. Perhaps, *Alas!* perhaps, *Prosperity* would have *Blinded* me, would have *Harden'd* me, would have made me *forget God, My Self, and my Duties*.

The holy *King* being thoroughly struck with this lively *Thought*, bore all the *Burdens* and *Oppressions* of *Adversity*, not only with *Resignation*; not only with *Patience*, but with *Joy*. His *Heart* being crowded with *Afflictions*, it contracted and shut up it self to the *Creatures*; but open'd and dilated it self to the *Creator*; and the *Creator*, who is never more *Merciful*, than when he appears most *Severe*, chang'd the *Bitterness* of his *Correction* into *Sweetness*, and made him find *Consolation* in his *Calamities*. *Thy Rod and thy Staff have been a Comfort to me.* Psal. 22. or, 23.

From thence came that wonderful *Calm* and *Serenity*, which glitter'd again upon his *Royal Fore-Head*, and always Reflected upon those that had the Honour to approach his *Sacred Person*. They perceiv'd him to be touched with his *Misfortunes*; and at the same time Comforted by his *Peaceable Courage* and true *Fortitude*. They saw a *Greatness* of *Soul*, that ow'd nothing to *Fortune*; and in the *Simplicity* of a *Christian*, appear'd all the *Majesty* and *Magnanimity* of a *King*. *Prosperity* had not at all puffed him up; and *Adversity* could not cast him down.

He

He knew how to Govern upon the Ruines of *Royalty* it self, and to preserve *Dignity* in *Ill-Fortune*, as well as he had known how to keep *Moderation* in *Success* and *Prosperity*: as Noble, as Admirable, being *reduc'd to Himself*, under the Loss of an overthrown Authority and a subverted Government; as he was in the midst of a *Pompous Court*, and in the Exercise of a most *Absolute Power*.

If any thing was capable of disturbing his *Peace*, it was not his own *Misfortunes*, but the *Afflictions* of those that suffer'd for him. For, of all the *Darts* which *Fortune* let fly at him, that wounded him the *deepest*; and his *Constancy* would have been stagger'd with it, if any thing could have shock'd his *Integrity*. O the *Grief*! He saw those Wandering and desolate *Families*, that had abandon'd *All* to follow Him, Languishing under his *Eyes*; and what *Families*! Of what *Nobility*! Of what *Illustrious Quality*! He saw their *Fidelity*, Proof against all *Treachery* and *Disloyalty*, and could not reward them for't; being *Himself* reduc'd to unprofitable *Sights*, *Wishes* and *Lamentations*; doubly oppres'd, both with his own *Acknowledgment*, and with their *Love*; doubly over-burden'd, both with their *Misery*, and with his own *Inabilities*.

In the mean time, what *Care*! What *Diligence*? What *Importunity*! to procure them *Relief*. What *Expedients* did not his ingenious *Charity*, seconded by the *Queen's*, industriously find out to Succour and Comfort them? Their most Necessary and Indispensible *Expences* were retrench'd, and laid up to encrease the Common *Fund* of their Gracious *Liberalities*. They have been seen to strip Themselves Naked almost by little and little, in Favour of those *Victims* of the *Faith*; even of *All* that they had been able to save from

Ship.

Shipwreck, and to Sacrifice to Charity the last Shifts of their Frugality and Providence.

Such was his *Good Inclination* towards his faithful Subjects; but what was it towards his *Enemies*? Why here, *Sirs*, A Secret Check of Conscience puts me to a Stand; for I am afraid of lessening his *Virtue* by the *Weakness* of my *Expressions*, and there's little wanting to make me hold my *Tongue* and shrink into *Silence*. No *Resentment*, how just soever, for *Injuries* done him, shall never draw one *Harsh*, *Malicious* or *Revengeful* *Word* from his *Mouth*. *Nature* it self, though never so much *Provok'd* or *Exasperated*, shall not have the bare Satisfaction of alleviating her *Trouble* by *Complaints*. In *Private*, he will *Bless* his *Persecutor*; in *Publick*, he will stop the *Mouth* of *Animosity*. The *World* astonish'd at such a *Conduct*, so much *Superior* to its *Maxims*, will perhaps *Asperse* him with *Indolence* and *Simplicity*. *The just upright Man is laugh'd to scorn*. Job. c. 12. But the *Holy King* already rais'd above *MAN* by *Grace*, will raise himself higher yet by *Faith*, far above the reach of the *Nonsensical Foolish Discourse*, and *Impertinence* of the *World*.

In the *Persecutions* which are rais'd upon us, *This* causes our *Impatience*; that we are wholly taken up in reflecting upon the *Hand* that *Strikes*, without ever thinking of *Him* that directs the *Hand*. *Unjust and Passionate Man* gives the *Blow*; but he is the *Instrument* of a *Wise and Just GOD*: And *this* is it that becalm'd the incens'd *Courage* of *Holy King David*, when *Simei* oppress'd him with *Outrages*. *The Lord hath said unto him, Curse DAVID*, 2 Sam. 16. It is not *Simei*, it is *GOD*: Or if it be *Simei*, he acts by the *Order* and under the *Authority* of *GOD*. *The Lord bath*

hath Commanded him. Upon this, he is Silent, he isAppeas'd, he is Humbled; and through the audacious *Hand* that is lift-up against *The Lord's Anointed*, he Respects, he Adores the *Hand* of the *Lord Himself*.

This shall be then once more, if you please, the Glorious Failing of the *Holy King*; for having been Patient and Moderate, even to *Excess*; for having practis'd *Christian Charity* to a *Fault*; to the degree of *Excusing* their Actions, and forgiving their *Crimes*; to the degree also of *Praying* for them all the Days of his Life. *Woe be to You*, if you are not *Christians* enough, to perceive the *Tenderness* of his *Affection*; to admire all the *Magnanimity* of this *Conduct*.

Let no Man any longer extol to me those *Conquerours*, which prophane *Antiquity* hath boasted of with *Admiration*. The *King of England* hath excelled them All in *Glory*. Valour yields to Valour. Force overcomes Force: but can it subdue the *Heart of Man*? Which in its own *Liberty* possesses the *Principle of Victory*, and receives no other *Laws* but what it imposes upon it self. The *Faithful Prince* knows no *Victory* but *One*; That is, to Conquer *Himself*, and to sacrifice his *Resentments* and *Passions* to his *Faith*.

Let us say All, *My Brethren*, and not take away any thing from the Glory of our *Hero*. It is proposed to him by *Some or Other* to shorten the *Days* of the *Usurpation*, by shortening *those* of the *Usurper*. What *Horror* did not his Great Soul conceive against such barbarous Means as *Affassinating* and *Killing* in cold Blood; Practices unworthy of a *Christian*,

unworthy of a *Man*? If he desir'd to *Conquer*, it was only to have the *Pleasure of Pardon*: *Peaceable* from the Bottom of his *Heart*, towards *those very Persons* that did declare *War* against him; Knowing no other *Enemies*, than his *Vices* and his *Passions*; *Resisting* them in *Himself*, and *Deploring* them in *Others*; *Hating the Treachery*, without ever hating the *Traytor*; and demanding of *GOD*, instead of all *Revenge*, the *Pardon of the Crime*, and the *Conversion* of the *Criminal*.

Let us omit, *Christians*, let us omit all his other *Virtues*: Let us say nothing (I agree to't) of those frequent *Fastings*, of those rigorons *Austerities*, which his fervent *Zeal* for *Devotion*, knew well how to put in *Practice*; and which his *Humility* made him conceal from the *Eyes of the World*. It is easy for a *Man* to bear *External Crosses* in his *Flesh*, when he knows how to bear *Humiliation* in his *Heart*; the bitterest of all *Crosses*, and the *most Burdensome to Self-Love*.

To consider the *Distasters* of the *King of England* with a *Christian Eye*, nothing ought to be more Glorious in his *Sight*. His sufferings had *GOD* for their *Object*, and *Faith* for their *Original*. He was much in the right to say what *St. Paul* said in his *Fetters*; *For the hope of Israel I am bound with this Chain*. *A&T. Apost. c. 28.* If I *Suffer*, it is for *GOD*. This long *Chain of Misfortunes*, that *Fetters* me and bears me down with *Oppression*, is only the *Effect* of my *Zeal for my Religion*: I am only *Banish'd* and *dispossess'd* of my *Throne*, for having gently pur-su'd the *endearing Hopes of Re-establishing the Kingdom of Israel*. Because that for the *Hope of Israel*, I am bound with this *Chain*. *Ibid.* Thus

Thus was the *Holy King* to find in some sort his *Glory* in his *Humiliation*: But the *World* that sees him *Suffer*; Does it enquire yet upon what Account he *Suffers*? From what *Cause* soever the *Disgrace*, and *Ill-fortune* comes, It is always an *Unworthy* and *Contemptible Object* to his *Eyes*; but without *Pity* as well as *Justice*, *People* easily believe that every thing is *Want of Courage* and *Faint-heartedness* in the *Unfortunate*.

'Tis but a little Matter for the *Holy King* to be *Humbled for GOD*; he has a mind yet to *Humble Himself* still more *Agreeably*, according to *GOD's* own *Will*. He knows that *Humiliation* has no *Merit*, but as *He* accepts of it and loves it: and therefore being *Little* in his *Own Eyes*, he is willing to appear *so* in the *Eyes* of the *World*. Shall I say it, *Sirs*, and not offend your *Curiosity* or *Delicacy*, in setting forth all the *Virtue* of the *Holy King*? He lov'd *Humiliation*, even to the *Desiring* of it; to the *Seeking* of it; to the having a *Mind* to be inform'd of those bloody inveterate *Libels*, which *Malice* and *Madness* spread abroad and publish'd in *Foreign Countries*; only to drink-up (said he) Our *Lord's Chalice* at large Draughts, and to glut *themselves* as well as load *Him* with Reproaches: And when he found those *Writings* mix the *Cause of Religion* with his *Personal Cause*, and that often in a confus'd Manner too, he exclaim'd against the *Injury* done to *Religion*; but in spite of the *Fierceness* of his *Noble Courage*, he suffer'd for *Religion's sake* the *Injury* done to his *Person*.

By

By these singular Touches and Illustrious Characters, do ye not know now the *King of England*? Do ye not say in your selves, *Yes*; This is the *Same* that he was, and the *Same* that we have seen him to be. Finish the Work, in drawing the *Picture* of his other Virtues to the Life. *Draw it yourselves*, in your own Minds, *My Brethren*; for your *Imagination* will *Paint* it better than All my *Words* can do it.

Represent that profound *Reverence*, that religious *Attention*, which he gave to holy *Mysteries*; as if the *INVISIBLE* had been present there and stood before his Eyes. That *Longing* and *Insatiable Thirst* after the *Word of GOD*; which was his *Chast* and *Chief Delight*. That constant *Application* of his Mind to *Reading* and to *Prayer*; which the *Tumult* and *Intricacy* of *Affairs* could never either interrupt, slacken or suspend.

Form in your Minds an *Idea* of that *Scrupulous Care* of Ordering his *House*, and Edifying his *Court*. That *Nicety* of *Conscience*, which alarm'd him upon the very *Shadow* of *Sin*. That *ardent* and *sincere Zeal*, that made him desire to be the *Bloody Sacrifice* for their *Salvation*; a *Zeal* again, that follow'd him till he fell under the *Cold Hands* of Death. His last *Sighs* were pious *Vows* for the *Conversion* of *England*. We heard his fainting Voice, almost *Extinct*, reviving and raising it self more than once, to imprint the *Truth* upon *Protestants* that were able to hear him. And though he be *Dead*, he *speaks* yet, and *speaks* with *Success* too; as St. Paul says and by it he being *Dead*, yet *speaketh*. *Heb. c. 11.* Reflect upon that holy *Curiosity*, which made him find out *Piety* even

even in Solitudes; and the frequent Journeys, which he took, to see Angels in Mortal Bodies, and to adore in Secret Places the Work of Grace.

And ye Virgins of JESUS CHRIST, the wise Confidants of his Troubles, the unexceptionable Witnesses of his Virtue; relate to us what ye have Seen, what ye have Heard, when the holy King, mov'd by Grace, and guided by an Attractive Power, came to renew the Fer-vency of his Devotion among You. What Simplicity! What Mildness! What Modesty! But at the same time what Elevation of Thoughts! What Eagerness of Desires! What Purity of Sentiments! With what Transport did he speak to You of that Heavenly Kingdom? Where Power is distributed without Weakening it self, and is communicated without raising Envy. The Fire in its own Sphere, is neither Purer, nor quicker, nor more ardent, than that Heart, truly Christian, was towards GOD; which is now committed to your Charge as a Sacred DEPOSITUM. There is it re-united to the Heart of the Queen his Mother. A Religious Piety hath joyn'd together again, what Death had separated. This will serve You, My most Dear Sisters, for a continual Object of Religion. You should come every day to revive your Ardour upon their Ashes, and seek for new Force and Fire in the Remembrance of their Virtues. The Example of their Courage, will support you in your Troubles. The Idea of their Clemency, will inspire you with Meekness; their Submission, with Obedience; their Resignation, with the Love of Poverty. Thus being always present in your Minds, always living in your Hearts, they will find among you a Second Life, and a kind of Immortality; so much the more

Glorious, because it will serve You also for a *Motive* and a *Spur* to the Sanctifying of your own Souls.

Let us conclude, *Christians*. It is time now to let you see the *JUST* exalted to *Glory*. Let us *Crown* the *Relation* of a *Life* so holy and so precious, with that of a *Death* yet more Precious and more Holy: *And thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory.*

Part III. The *Glory* of a *Christian* does not consist at all in *Beginning* well; but in *Ending* well and *Religiously*. All *Virtues* fight the good *Fight*, says *St. Jerome*; but *Perseverance Alone* is *Crown'd*. What *Merit* can those *Frail* and *Transitory Virtues* pretend to, which rise and fall like *Flowers* that *Die* almost in their very *Birth*? But what *Glory* do those *Solid* and *lasting Virtues* deserve, which without *degenerating*, do advance still, and raise themselves to *Perfection*, like the *Morning-Light*, that always encreases to the *utmost Brightness* of the day.

Such and more *Pure* yet, has been the *Virtue* of the *Holy King*, the worthy *Object* both of our *Lamentations* and our *Praises*. If he was a *Sinner* by *Humane Frailty*, he was yet a *Penitent* by *Reflexion*; and ever since the happy *Moment* that *Tribulation* confirm'd him in the *Ways of Justice*, he has walked in them without *Retiring*, without *Straying*, without *Stopping*. His *Course* was but as one continual *Transport* to the most *sublime Perfection*; till at last *Death* that accomplishes his *Pains* and his *Sorrows*, comes to *Crown* his *Patience*, and consummate his *Charity*: And this is, *Sirs*, to what I confine *Solid Glory*; wherewith *God* comes now to *Compensate* even before our *Eyes*, the *Humane Glory* which the *holy King* had *Sacrific'd* to his good *Pleasure*; *And thou hast receiv'd me into thy Hands with Glory.*

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We need not fear then to see him upon a *Scuffle* with *Death*; for it is here, that his *Triumph* begins. *Fortune* took from him the *Scepter* and *Crown*; but it could not rob him of the *Honour* and *Prerogative* of dying a *Hero*, and a *Christian Hero*.

In vain does *Death* endeavour to *Surprize* him. He knew how to prevent *It* by his exact *Vigilancy*; he never lost *Sight* of *it*; He made *it* the *Subject* of his most *Divine Meditations*. In the *Days* of his *Health*, as well as in those of his *Faintness* and *Languishing*, He said with *Holy King David*: *Lord, make me sensible that I am Mortal*, even before I come to *Die*. Strongly imprint upon me the lively *Image* of my *Last Hour*. *Lord, make known to me my End*. *Psal. 38. or, 39.* And when I make this *Prayer* to Thee, *O my God*; It is not to *Gratify* a vain *Curiosity*, nor to abuse those few *Moments* which I have yet to *live*; but it is to go down *Alive*, as it were, into the *Grave*; it is to bury-up the *Pride* of *Royalty* in the *Dust* of my *First Original*; it is to augment my *Fervency*, according as I shall see the *Number* of my *Days Decrease*; it is to make hast to acquire those *Virtues* which I yet want; it is, in fine, to lay-up together more and more *Treasures of Eternity*: *That I may know what is wanting to me*. *Ibid.*

By these Pious *Ejaculations*, the *Holy King* makes Himself *Familiar* with *Death*. At what *Time* soever, and under what *Shape* soever it appear'd or presented it self, it always found his *Heart* prepar'd, his *Chains* broken off, his *Soul* disengag'd. Far from *Fearing* it, he meets it (as I may say) full in the *Face*; he calls for it in his *Vows* and his *Prayers*. Scarce does he feel Himself struck with it, but he thinks of uniting his

Sacrifice

Sacrifice to the Sacrifice of JESUS CHRIST ; and without any need of preparing himself for't, as *We* do, by Artificial *Excuses* and *Put-Offs* ; he demands of *Himself*, the Holy *Sacrament* ; that heavenly *Viaticum*. Sees he, his *Saviour* and his *Judge* a coming ? He can no longer contain his *Raptures* and *Transports* of Joy. Here is then at last, *says he*, here is that *Happy Moment*, after which I have languish'd for so many Years. O my *GOD*, in this last *Combat*, be Thou my *Strength* ; after having purified me with Thy *Blood*, and fortify'd me with *Cœlestial Union*. At these Words, he peaceably presents his *Body* to the *Ministers of the Lord* : He says with them the *Prayers of the Agony*, and becomes *Himself* in some Measure the *Minister* of his own *Sacrifice*.

It is now no longer that *Prophane Hero*, *Prodigal* of his *Life*, that so often Encounter'd *Death* by an *Instinct* of *Vanity* ; It is a *Christian Hero*, that looks it Boldly in the Face with the Eyes of *Faith*, who manages the last *Moments of Salvation*.

All are *Troubled* ; All are mov'd with *Compassion* and *Sorrow* ; All melt into *Tears* about Him ; while the undisturb'd *Hero*, in a kind of *Extasy*, wholly taken up with *GOD*, and the happy *Eternity* drawing on, is in full Possession of the *Peace* of the *Just*, and the *Joy* of the *Holy Ghost*. Far from being afflicted *Himself*, he comforts *those* that are afflicted, and joyns the *Constancy* of *Ezekias* to the *Tranquility* of *David*, a-dying. *He saw by an Excellent Spirit what should come to pass at the last, and he comforted them that were Sorrowful in Sion.* Eccles. 40.

In the mean while, there shines forth a Ray of *Hope*. The hidden Cause of the *Kings* Illness and Fainting shews it self; *Remedies* are apply'd. *New Pains*, new *Troubles*, new *Tryals of Patience*. Being an *Enemy* to *Medicines* by *Antipathy*; he submits to them, by *Religion*; without *Desire* as well as without *Resistance*. Fifteen Days pass over his *Head* in a dubious Condition; being in Suspence betwixt *Life* and *Death*, between that fatal *Instant*, when *Time ends*, and that, when *Eternity begins*, the *Holy King* redoubles every Moment his Fervency of Devotion. Upon the failing of his *Voice*; his *Eyes*, his *Gestures*, his *Attention*, even his *Silence* and *All* speak in him. Have they a Mind yet to awaken his *Sleepy Senses*, let them pronounce the *Holy Name* of *GOD*; let them apply the *Sacred Sign* of *Redemption* to his *Lips*. At the sight of *Jesus Crucify'd*, his *Dying-Looks* recover *Light*; and notwithstanding the *Faintness* of *Nature*, a lively *Faith* quickens again and animates his *Countenance*.

One would say that this *Hero* so far above Mortal Things, had recollect'd his whole *Soul* together entire, to accomplish his *Sacrifice*. *Grace* re-unites in his last *Moments* those different *Virtues*, which before appear'd in him as diffus'd and dispersed, according to the *Variety* of *Time* and *Occasion*; and his *Death* is in short (if I may be bold to say it) the *Abridgement* of his *Life*,

If he speaks, the *Queen* finds her *Consolation* in his *Words*; his *Children*, their *Duties*; his *Domesticks*, their *Hope*; his *Protestant Subjects*, their *Instruction*; the *Catholicks*, their *Constancy*; the *Ministers of the Lord*, their *Edification*: And *All* together, either their *Condemnation*, or their *Example*.

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But amidst the *Consternation* and the *Trouble* of an alarmed *Court*, what *Calmness* do I see all of a sudden arising again, and the *Storm* of *Sorrow* laid? What *New Spectacle* strikes my *Eyes*? A *King* coming into the *World*; A *King* going out of it; A *King*, the *Protector* of the *One*, and the *Comforter* of the *Other*; A *Queen*, that laments the *Loss* of her *Spouse*; A *Mother*, that Trembles for the *Crown* of her *Son*.

Raise your *Hopes*, *Great Princes*, you have under your *Eyes* the *Supporter* of *Kings* and of *Royalty*: *Lewis*, sent from *Heaven*, to be the *Protector* of *Lawful Rights*. Let *Policy* murmur; *He* will hear nothing but the *Voice* of *Religion*. Say to him only, as that *Wise* and *Judicious Queen* did, whose *Words* the *holy Scripture* hath consecrated. *The Eyes of all Israel are upon thee, that thou shouldest tell them, who shall sit on the Throne of my Lord the King after him.* 1 Kings. c. 1. *DAVID* is *a-Dying*; his *Throne* is *Invaded*: Pronounce between the *Usurper* and the *Son*.

The *Oracle* explains it self, *Sirs*. *LEWIS* being enlighten'd by that *Wisdom*, which makes *Religion* and *Equity* the Rule of his *Actions*, declares publickly the *Lawful Rights* of *Young Solomon*. His *Tender* and *Majestick Expressions* carry a *Calm* to the Bottom of *People's Hearts*, and revive their languishing *Hopes*. *Sighs* are now chang'd into *Acclamations*. The *Queen* is divided between her *Grief* and her *Joy*. *Solomon* admires the *Protection* of *Heaven*, and the happy *Discovery* or *Unravelling* of his *Destinies*. *David a-Dying* is comforted; and he revives all the *Voice* that was left him, to bless the *God of Israel*, who comes to raise his *Crown*, and to put it upon his *Son's Head*: *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which hath given One to sit on my*

my Throne this day, mine Eyes even seeing it. Ibid.
Come, Young Hero, the growing Light of ISRAEL; Come and receive the last Sighs and the last Impressions of the *Virtue* of the *King* your Father. Death had no sooner made him sensible of its *First Strokes*, but he was willing to have You for a Spectator of his *Sacrifice*. Then finding *Strength* in his *Love*, and *Truth* lending him her *liveliest Lights*. My Son, says he, *live in the Religion*, in which you see me *Die*; Fear the *Lord*, honour the *Queen* your *Mother*, and next after *GOD*, put all your *Hopes* in the *Generous King*, who hath been my *Refuge* in *Time of Trouble*, and will be also your *Friend*.

Holy and Precious *Words*, which in *Simplicity*, and by an exact *Distinction*, contain all the *Duties* both of a *Man* and a *Christian*. Ardent Expressions indeed of a *Heart*, in which *Death* it self cannot extinguish *Acknowledgment* and *Gratitude*. If my weak *Voice* cannot transmit You to *All Posterity*, live at least for ever in the *Remembrance* of this *Young King*; whose good *Natural Parts*, *Forward Wisdom*, and *Courage* already form'd for Great *Designs*, give us the Highest *Hopes* both for *Religion* and for *Government*.

What is wanting yet, Sirs, to the *Consummation* of the *Sacrifice*. The *solemn Pardon* of all *Enemies*. This is the last *Effort* of *Grace*. It makes us surpass *Love*; it makes us surpass *Hatred*. *Love*, in weaning us from *that* which seems most *Dear* to us; and *Hatred*, in inuring us to *that* which appears to us most *Odious*: But that which would be a *Difficult Matter* for *Others* to do, costs the *Holy King* nothing. He *Pardon'd* without *Trouble* in his *Life-time*: He *pardon's* with *Pleasure* at his *Death*.

Tis

"Tis done. The *Victim* is ready and sanctify'd. Thou canst, *O my God*, receive it in the Odour of Sweetness! He has one only *Desire* still, and that should be to die the *same Day*, and, if possible, the *same Hour* that Thou exiit'd upon the *Cross*. Thou grants it, *Lord*! This last finishing Stroke of *Resemblance* perfectly represents *Thy Death* as well as *Thy Life* in the *Holy King*; and in the *Moment* that I am *Speaking*, he is no more.

He is then for *ever* Vanish'd out of our *Sight*. *Death* that destroys All for *Others*, re-establishes All for *Him*; and every day discovers the *New Rays* which it adds to his *Glory*. Let us change our *Language*, and forbear to *bewail HIM*, that knew how to make his *Misfortunes* the Subject of his *Triumphs*. A *Life* more *Fortunate* would have render'd his *History* more *Illustrious*; but at last what would all that *Vain Glory* have avail'd him? His *Afflictions* are past, his *Prosperities* would have passed away in like manner; and they would have left him nothing but an unprofitable *Regret*, a bitter *Sorrow*, and a formidable *Account* to make.

But *now* that *GOD* has wip'd away his *Tears*, and chang'd his *Sadness* into *Joy*; *now* that *GOD* has set his *Seal* upon his *Virtue*, it brightens into new *Lustre* in the *Eyes* of the *World*. The *Court*, the *Town*, *Citizens*, *Strangers*, and *All* Extol with *Emulation* the *Wonders* of his *Life* and his *Death*; and *those very Persons*, in whom *Prejudice*, *Blindnes*, or *Malice* had suspended the *Admiration* which was so justly due to him, find *Themselves* now engag'd in the *Crowd* of his *Admirers*.

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Let us attend with Reverence to the *Sovereign Decision* of the *Holy Pope*. He speaks already; he applauds in his *Discourses* and by his *Letters*, the worthy Successour of the *Eloquence*, as well as of the *Zeal* of the *LEO's* and the *GREGORIES*. *GOD* over and above, even *God* explains himself from the Highest Heavens, and makes the singular *Marks* of the *Power* and *Authority*, wherewith he has invested his *Faithful Servant*, glitter upon incredulous Eyes.

His *Justice* breaks forth at the same time, that his *Mercy* is so Illustrious. The *Ambitious Man* falls suddenly from the highest Pitch of his *Grandeur*; and *Death* that came with a *Slow Pace*, *precipitates* his *Fall*, to confound his *Odious Projects*. It seems that *GOD* hath not *prolong'd* his languishing Days, much *further* than it was necessary to accomplish the *Merit* and the *Patience* of the *Holy King*.

Compare now, *My Brethren*, the Glory of the *Sinner* with the Glory of the *Just*. The *One* dispossess'd, and stript of his vain *Titles*, and reduc'd to the Solitude of the *Grave*, Sleeps in Silence and in Dust: The *Other* expos'd to Publick *Veneration*, receives the *Ho-mage* and the *Vows* of the *Faithful*; and their *Suffrages* already raise him ~~even~~ ^{even} *so Altars*. The Reputation of the *One* dwindles, grows weaker and weaker every day, and shall not support it self in the End, but by the Memory of the *Troubles* which his fatal Power created in the World: The Memory of the *Other*, maintain'd by the Sanctity of his Life, diffuses it self like a Precious, Sweet *Parfume*, and will find its *Increase* and its *Influence* in the Succession of all Ages. *This* here, upon his *Departing*, sees his *Name* and his *Authority* in *Blossom* again to flourish in the Worthy

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Heir of his Virtues. That there, passes away like a barren Cloud, that leaves not any Footstep behind it, nor any Shadow of Remembrance.

Shall we not be touch'd, *My Brethren*, with an Example so present and so sensible? Need we any other Spectacle than *Vanity* it self, to undeceive us of the *Vanity*? See how the rapid *Torrent* of *Ages*, successively carries away *Kings* and *Kingdoms* at a Sweep. Power and Dominion pass from one *Hand*, from one *Family*, from one *Nation* to another. Every thing changes, every thing falls-away, every thing sinks into an *Abyss*, both under our *Feet* and above our *Heads*. The most lively *Images* of the Grandeur of *GOD*, become at last the greatest Proofs of the *NOTHINGNESS* of *Men*.

O Heaven!

Must the *Charm* of *Sense* and *Enjoyment* hinder our *Foresight* for the *Future*, and must the *Present* take away the *Time to come*? And even at this very *Present*, what Bottom is there of *Reflections*? What *Falls*! What *Catastrophes*! What a prodigious *Mass* of *Evils* that afflict us, of *Evils* that threaten us. Of *Jealousies* without End; of *Enmities* without Bounds! Of *Miseries* without Remedy or Recovery! The *War* kindled in all *Parts* of the *World*: All *Passions* let loose upon us, either to *Torment* us or do us a *Mischief*.

Being *Christians*, *My Brethren*, let us not add to our *Afflictions*, that of being *Rebels* to the *Almighty's* *Chastisements*. This is the utmost Pitch of *Misfortune*, and the very Height of *Unhappiness*. *GOD* Smites *Crown'd Heads*, and *Sacrifices* them for our *Instru-*

Instruction ; but Crown'd Heads teach us to Revere the Judgments of GOD in the Calamities which oppress us. And the Voluntary Sacrifice which they make of their Crowns, shews Us with what Submission we ought to accept the Punishment, or rather the Expiation of our Sins.

Sacred Minister of the LIVING GOD ; Visible Angel of the New Covenant ; You, whose Virtue maintains its Ground among the most Glorious and Glaring Prosperities. Wise and Happy, Great and Modest all at once, suffer me to Cite You here for a Witness of those Virtues, whose Picture I come now to draw again. Your Eyes have seen the Fervour of the First Christians reinforc'd in the Holy King ; as He hath seen reviving in You the Zeal of the Pastors of the Primitive Church. His Faith was animated by the Example of your Piety ; your Piety was excited by the Prodigies of his Faith. You taught him both the One and the Other, the Use and the Contempt which he ought to make of Humane Grandeur and Secular Glories.

Accomplish the Sacrifice of the Lamb without Spot, to Purify perfectly that Heart, already so Pure, so Holy, so Penitent, so Disengag'd ; who had a Mind that his Last Sighs should be Consecrated by your Pastoral Benediction.

May, My Lord, the ardent and efficacious Prayers of Your Eminence, draw down from Heaven Consolations in abundance upon the afflicted Queen : Upon her Royal Offspring, a visible Protection ; Upon the King the Vanquisher of Kings, an Absolute Victory ; Peace

A Funeral Oration upon the Death

Never upon Earth; Light upon England; and upon
this Hymen Assembly, all the Assistance and Graces
necessary to bring them to the *Blessed Mansion*, where
there is an *Exemption* from all *Evil*, and the *Fulness*
of all *Good Things*.

EDWARD CHINNELL

